

a woman wrapped in  
this bed rug

as sleet glazed  
the trees glass

dreams of bread and roses  
the night coats her

mind like ice  
she leaves no name on

any quilt  
in any diary

### Letter

Everything is  
all dripping and  
fog. Even the white  
stars on the dog  
wood are little  
platters full of  
rain. Tuesday seems  
12 weeks away  
the cherries will  
be ripe by then  
the columbine be  
the color of skin  
with a little rose

### 38 Main Street

sitting on the toilet  
with you in the tub  
Mommy Frieda May  
the blue room like water  
smell of wet clothes  
and talcum you never  
liked yr name Ben  
couldn't come in  
sitting on the toilet  
yr breasts floating  
on the water you  
younger than I  
am now